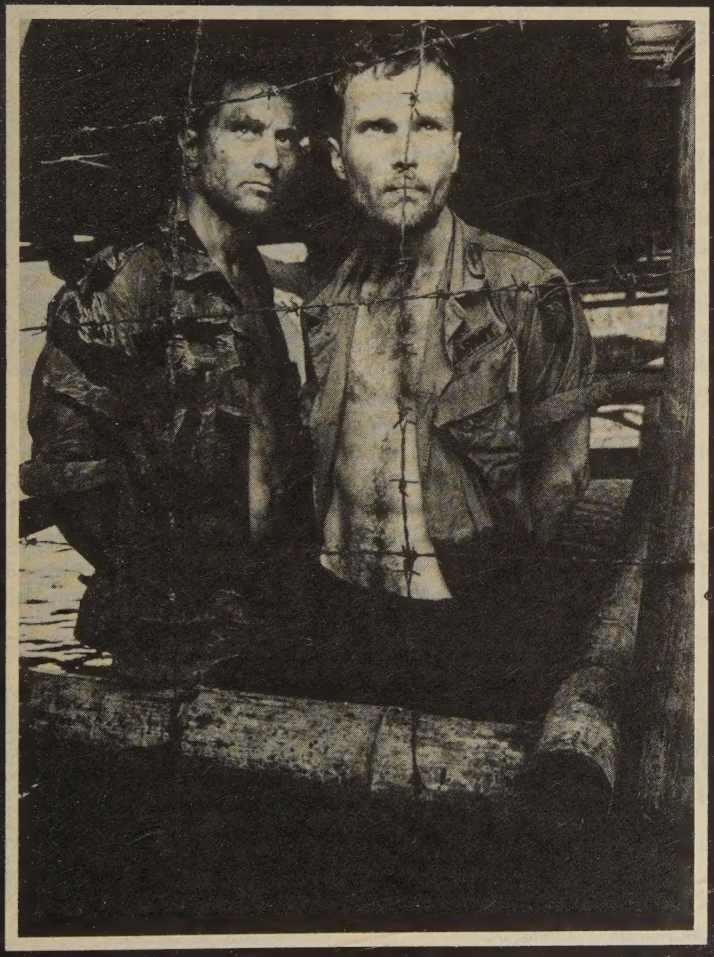
APRIL 1979

# youth MAGAZINE

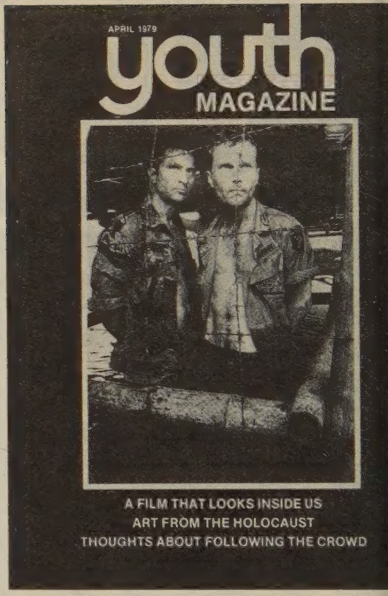


A FILM THAT LOOKS INSIDE US

ART FROM THE HOLOCAUST

THOUGHTS ABOUT FOLLOWING THE CROWD

# inside youth




## LOVE AND CRISIS

When I think of those times in my life when I have grown the most, I immediately recall situations of both love and crisis.

The people who have taught me the most are people whom I respect, and who respect me. They may be my parents, family, close friends, teachers, religious leaders, or others I've known who care and who know.

I usually learn best where I am loved the most. In such an atmosphere of mutual respect, I'm more likely to listen, to believe what I hear, to feel secure enough to ask probing—even embarrassing—questions, to try out all sorts of ideas that can shape my life, and eventually become my real self.

But the genuine test cor when I'm under fire. Who I and what I know are tested m in moments of crisis—an ac dent, a death, a wrenching s

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ur intention? Out of concern
you and for humankind, we
we must all be honest and
sensitive to the crises of our times and, thereby, grow in maturity and in compassion. You and I dare not hide behind our pride, temper, or apathy in order to avoid our own violent solutions, our own search for easy answers, and our own deep-rooted bias.

The crises of Good Friday remind us of the triumph of Easter. Beware whom we crucify; it may be ourselves.

The effort to become whole is the life work for each of us, both as individuals and as a member of the total human species. We hope that this issue—in love and in crisis—helps each of us grow.

Norman Ahrens Jr.

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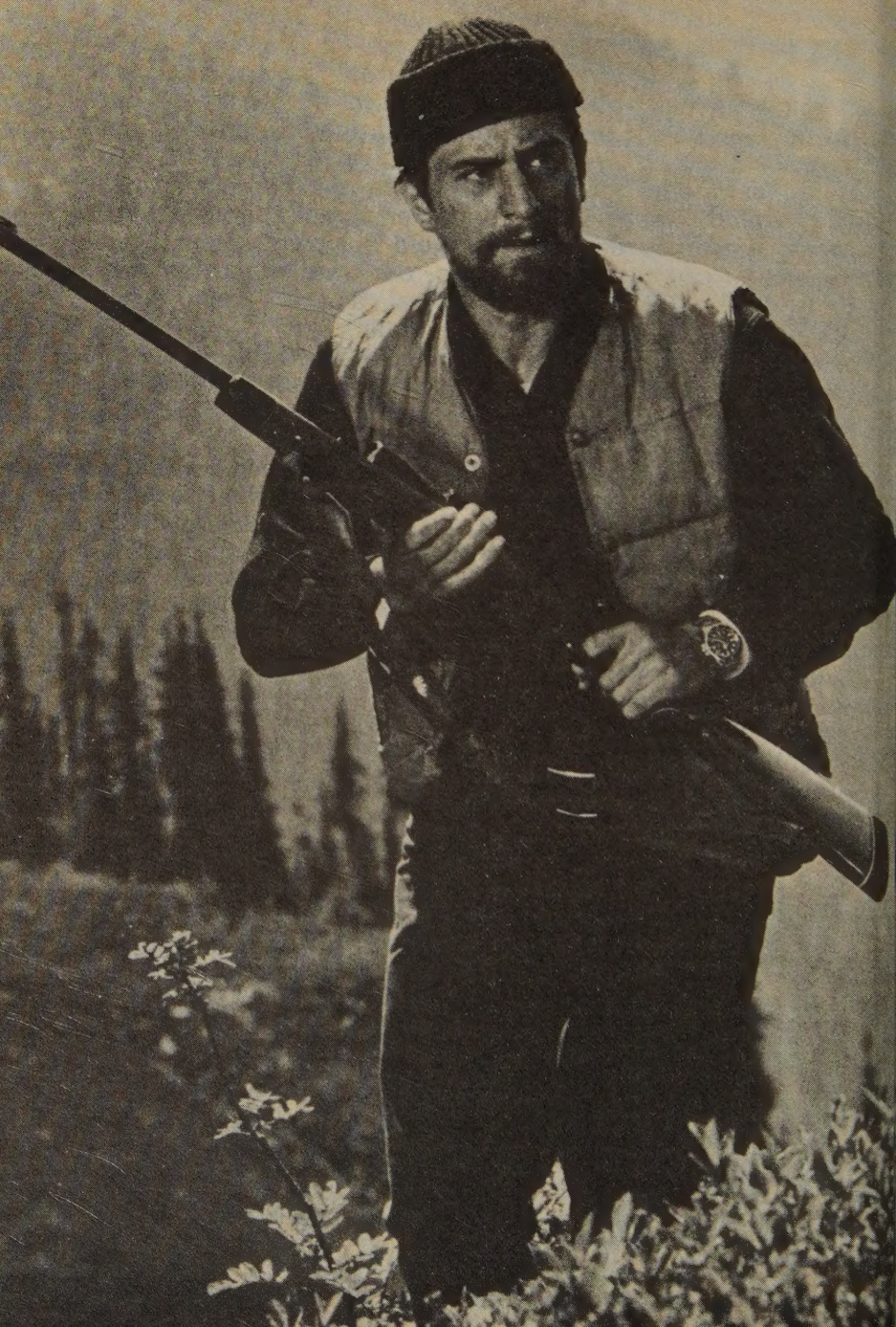

# THE DEER HUNTER

**BY LEWIS ARCHIBALD**

henever the movie industry ts really worried about its ld on the public, it retreats o theories such as "all we nt to do is entertain" and "if u want a message, buy a tune cookie." The result is at said public gets films about thing more important than ted teenage romance Grease"), unearthly spirits Heaven Can Wait" and "Super- an") and grubby collegians a behind in their toilet training National Lampoon's Animal use").

All of these were among last year's biggest hits and are even now being reduplicated and repackaged on both the big screen and the little. That's because they're all safe films: they contain no surprises, no controversy, nothing close enough to life itself to really disturb.

In fact, it's pretty rare when a film with the power to disturb and provoke discussion makes it down the treadmill. "One Flew

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Lewis Archibald is a film critic who lives in New York City, and writes for YOUTH Magazine and other publications.

**It's pretty rare when a film with the powe to disturb and provoke discussion makes it dow the treadmill; "The Deer Hunter" is such a film**

Over the Cuckoo's Nest" did a couple of years ago but anything else that might have been in that vein ("Midnight Express" is a good example) usually ended up so sensationalized and cheapened that it wasn't worth much.

Now there is "The Deer Hunter," an unusually rough and raw film on the one controversial subject Hollywood is still willing to explore: the Vietnam War. It is the story of three steel workers who are drafted away from their settled lives in western Pennsylvania, dropped into the seething cauldron of almost aimless combat in the delta country, imprisoned by the enemy and subjected to a hideous form of torture and then only by chance allowed to pick up whatever pieces are left of themselves. In doing so, they are forced to examine everything they had previously taken for granted, everything about which they—and we—tend to become complacent.

Needless to say, the language is not genteel; it wasn't with "Cuckoo's Nest" either. It can't be, like it or not, with any film that accurately represents a sizeable cross-section of American life today. What upsets audiences most is the matter-of fact violence that occasionall bursts through the film like summer bolt of heat lightning. is gruesome, it is horrifying, it i totally necessary, but anyon who isn't prepared for it may no be able to see through it to th many other things the film talking about.

It leaves a lot to mull over. the first hour alone, long befor it gets to Vietnam itself, the fil manages to build up a prett interesting study of its thre young heroes. As the younges and greenest of them goe through an intricate marriag ceremony and the other tw then snatch one final quic hunting trip into the jagged hil that surround them, the movi quietly lays bare all the mai influences in these men's lives the physically dangerous wor they perform, which has sharp ened their agility and give them a respect for manual b not mental dexterity; the intr cate and nourishing rituals the Russian Orthodox church which gives them a sense family but lacks flexibility; th friendliness of the local bar an the loosening nature of its bee which lets the men blow o

e main characters, played by Robert De Niro, John Savage and Christopher lken, first are shown in their close-knit Pittsburgh community.

eam, and serves as a neces-
y safety valve.
t soon becomes apparent that
e three men, each in his own
y, are ill-equipped to function
ywhere outside of their own
ck of the woods. The young-
, Steve, is a pup, married on
pulse, but not ready to take
er the responsibility of a
nily. The second, Nick, is a
opy-go-lucky follower, con-
t to let life continue in the
y it always has. The third,
chael, is so unable to deal
h his conflicting emotions
that he has subordinated every-
thing to his effort to be coldly
"in control." He is in love with a
neighborhood girl, but because
she cares for Nick instead, he
has said nothing, done nothing
and expressed his feelings in-
stead in the pursuit of unemo-
tional marksmanship (he is the
hunter of the title). In the majes-
tically beautiful mountains, an
atmosphere that is almost too
romantic and poetic, he meth-
odically stalks his prey as if it
were a lifeless target in a side-
show machine. He is efficient,

The characters' background could not possibly have prepared them for what they experience in Vietnam.

he is ruthless, but he is still rather a babe in the woods.

Suddenly, these three are dropped into Vietnam; the film in fact makes a sudden jump from the American mountains right into the middle of an extremely gruesome delta battle. It is impossible to tell who the good guys are, indeed, who just about anybody is. Within seconds a live grenade is tossed into a root cellar packed with terrified peasant women and children. The one survivor of that explosion is mowed down by machine guns. A flam thrower is used in retaliation and all the values, all th morals, all the rules that th men have lived by are swep away.

Lost in this swamp of mon strous events, the three men ar captured by the Viet Cong wher an ultimate act of uncivilize brutality awaits them. The bored captors are passing th time by forcing all prisoners t compete against each other i games of Russian roulette. Th fear, the revulsion, the actua

**The movie quietly lays bare all the influences in the men's lives, then it plunges them and the viewers into the maddening savagery of Vietnam.**

sight of the game and its victims educe Nick and Steve to virtual gibberish (along with most of he audience). Michael finally gets through it—and gets the others through it—by deliberately forcing upon himself the complete callousness of his captors, by seeming to have such disregard for his friends' safety, and by then bullying hem into accepting this, that he s finally able to get the drop on his jailers. It is for him a supreme act of inflexible coldness.

The memory of this experience and what it showed them of themselves will not go away. Unable to live with what he has seen, unable to cope with his new vision of humanity, Nick withdraws into a torpor of his own, turning to drugs for their dulling effect. Injured in the subsequent escape from the Viet Cong, Steve becomes both a physical and an emotional paraplegic, leaning on his affliction as a means to avoid ever having to face any world other than that of a veteran's hospital. For Michael, the repercussions, however, lead to an awakening. Forced finally to see where his repressions could lead, he finds a new respect in himself for life. Returning to Pennsylvania, he slowly tries to convey his love for the girl he and Nick left behind. On his first hunt, he finds he can no longer bear to kill a deer. He slowly tries to pull Steve and his bewildered wife out of their private sorrows and into some form of new life.

It is this slow awakening, this gathering concern and painful awareness of his affection for others that illuminates the film's final section. As he starts to respond to all the things he had dammed up inside himself before, Michael grows into a multifaceted person, a man worth admiring. When he sees that the girl still pines inconsolably for Nick and finally gets evidence of Nick's whereabouts in Saigon, Michael returns to Saigon to get him. Michael finds something even darker, even more desperate than the experience that had so seared him. He survives, but the cost is greater than before.

From the above, it should be apparent that "The Deer Hunter" is pretty far removed from "Grease" and "Animal House." In fact, after reading of all these dire things in it, how many of

**The film has rough language, shows violence, pain and despair, yet we need this film; it forces us to evaluate our views about war and each other.**

you are saying "Who needs all this?" So, it's also important to note that the film manages a lot more comedy than you'd think possible, particularly at the wedding reception; that its tough-weathered steel workers and their wives are a hardy, boisterous, deeply ethnic folk with marvellous life to them; and that there is a final sequence in which the cast gets together to mull things over at the bar and then quietly breaks into a verse of "God Bless America" that is both deeply satisfying and poignant.

It's important to note these bows toward "entertainment" in the film because we do need "The Deer Hunter." We need it badly. It asks questions about our view of weapons, our callousness toward each other, our whole attitude toward the question, "Am I my brother's keeper (and if so, how should I keep him)?" Without taking any obvious side, it forces the audience to re-evaluate their own decisions on armed conflict, on gun control, on accountability to each other. It provokes a response from its audience instead of soothing them; it stimulates rather than comforts. People are already arguing over the film, and they'll probably be arguing a lot more by the time you read this.

That's all to the good. Because in the end, it's that lack of argument, that inability to question anything until it's far too late which is the main cause behind the horrors of "The Deer Hunter." As the three workers prepare rather jocularly to go off to war, most of the audience, with hindsight, will want to scream "Can't you see what will happen?" But they can't, and we couldn't then. Who knows what we ourselves may be similarly avoiding now?

We need films like "The Deer Hunter" because they prod at us when we don't want to be prodded, jab at us in the tender spots, force us to reexamine things we all thought we were pretty clear about. Nothing's so clear that it can't stand a little more examination. And as we stand now, if the sins of humanity ever get ranked in order of importance, "they didn't know any better" may just head the list. "The Deer Hunter" sees this problem clearly and presents it in bold, unforgettable terms. □

The character of Michael, played by Robert De Niro, is changed painfully, but for the better, by the war.

# TAKE AS DIRECTED

**Could this happen today in your high school?**

BY RON JONES

For years I kept a strange secret. I shared this silence with 200 students. Yesterday I ran into one of those students. For a brief moment it all rushed back.

Steve Coniglo had been a sophomore student in my World History class. We ran into each other quite by accident. It was one of those occasions experienced by teachers when they least expect it. You're walking down the street, eating at a secluded restaurant, or buying some underwear, when all of a sudden, an ex-student pops up to say hello. In this case, it was Stev running down the street shouting "Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones." I had t stop for a minute to remembe Who is this young man huggin me?

In the split second of my rac back in time, Steve sensed m questioning and backed up. The he smiled, and slowly raised a han in a cupped position. It came to m he was a member of the Thi Wave! It's Steve, Steve Coniglo. H sat in the second row. He was sensitive and bright student.

We just stood there exchanging iles when, without a conscious mmand, I raised my hand in a ved position. The salute was en. The Third Wave still was ve.

"Mr. Jones, do you remember the rd Wave?" I sure do, it was one the most frightening events I ever perienced in the classroom. It o was the genesis of a secret t I and 200 students sadly would are for the rest of our lives.

We talked and laughed about the rd Wave for the next few hours. en it was time to part. It's ange, you meet a past student in se chance ways. You catch a few ments of your life, hold them ht, then say goodbye—not know- when and if you'd ever see each er again.

The Third Wave. Well, at last it be talked about. Here I've met a dent and we've talked for hours out the nightmare. By strange ncidence, I think it was Steve o started the Third Wave with a estion.

We were studying Nazi Germany d in the middle of a lecture I was errupted by the question. How uld the German populace claim orance of the slaughter of the wish people? How could the vnspeople, railroad conductors, chers, doctors, claim they knew thing about concentration camps d human carnage? How can ople who were neighbors and ybe even friends of the Jewish izen say they weren't there when happened? It was a good ques- n. I didn't know the answer.

n as much as there were several months still to go in the school year and I was already at World War II, I decided to take a week and explore the question.

**Strength through discipline**

On Monday, I introduced my sophomore history students to one of the experiences that characterized Nazi Germany: discipline. I lectured about the beauty of discipline: how an athlete feels having worked hard and regularly to be successful at a sport; how a ballet dancer or painter works hard to perfect a movement; the dedicated patience of a scientist in pursuit of an idea.

To experience the power of discipline, I invited, no I commanded the class to exercise and use a new seating posture. I described how proper sitting posture assists concentration and strengthens the will. In fact, I instructed the class in a mandatory sitting posture. This posture started with feet flat on the floor, hands placed flat across the small of the back to force a straight alignment of the spine. "There, can't you breathe more easily? You're more alert. Don't you feel better?"

We practiced this new attention position over and over. I walked up and down the aisles of seated students, pointing out small flaws, making improvements. Proper seating became the most important aspect of learning.

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Ron Jones is the author of *The Acorn People* and *There Is No School on the Sixth Floor.* He currently is teaching handicapped persons at the San Francisco Recreation Center for the Handicapped.

It was strange how quickly the students took to this uniform code of behavior. I began to wonder just how far they could be pushed. Was this display of obedience a momentary game we were all playing, or was it something else? Was the desire for discipline and uniformity a natural need? Was this a societal instinct we hide within our franchise restaurants and T.V. programming?

I decided to push the tolerance of the class for regimented action. In the final 25 minutes of the class I introduced some new rules. Students must be sitting in class at the attention position before the late bell; all students must carry pencils and paper for note taking; when asking or answering questions a student must stand at the side of his or her desk; the first word given in answering or asking a question is "Mr. Jones." We practiced a short "silent reading" session. Students who responded in a sluggish manner were reprimanded and in every case made to repeat their behavior until it was a model of punctuality and respect.

Soon everyone in the class began popping up with answers and questions. The involvement level in the class moved from the few who always dominated discussions to the entire class. Even stranger was the gradual improvement in the quality of answers. Everyone seemed to be listening more intently.

**Strength through community**

On Tuesday, the second day of the exercise, I entered the classroom to find everyone sitting in silence at the attention position. Some of their faces were relaxed with smiles that come from pleasing the teacher. But most of the students looked straight ahead in earnest concentration. Neck muscles rigid. No sign of a smile or a thought or even a question. Every fibre strained to perform the deed. To release the tension I went to the chalk board and wrote in big letters "STRENGTH THROUGH DISCIPLINE." Below this I wrote a second law "STRENGTH THROUGH COMMUNITY."

While the class sat in stern silence I began to talk, lecture, sermonize about the value of community. At this stage of the game I was debating in my own mind whether to stop the experiment or continue. I hadn't planned such intensity of compliance.

Following my description of community I once again told the class that community, like discipline must be experienced if it is to be understood. To provide an encounter with community I had the class recite in unison, "Strength Through Discipline, Strength Through Community." First I would have two students stand and call back our motto, then add two more until finally, the whole class was standing and reciting. It was fun. The students began to look at each other and sense the power of belonging. Everyone was capable and equal. They were doing something together. We worked on this simple act for the entire class period. We would repeat the mottos in a rotating chorus, or say them with various degrees of loudness. A

**ow could the German people claim ignorance of the aughter of the Jewish people? It was a good uestion and I didn't know the answer.**

ys we said them together, em-asizing the proper way to sit, nd, and talk.

As the class period was ending d without forethought I created a ss salute. It was for class mem-rs only. To make the salute you ought your right hand up toward e right shoulder in a curled sition. I called it the Third Wave lute because the hand resembled vave about to top over. The idea for the three came from beach lore: waves travel in chains, the third wave being the last and largest of each series. Since we had a salute, I made it a rule to salute all class members outside the class-room.

Throughout the next few days students in the class would ex-change this greeting. You would be walking down the hall when all of a sudden three classmates would

turn your way, each flashing a quick salute. The mystique of 30 individuals doing this strange gyration soon brought more attention to the class and its experiment into the German personality. Many students outside the class asked if they could join.

**Strength through action**

On Wednesday, I decided to issue membership cards to every student who wanted to continue what I now called The Experiment. Not a single student elected to leave the room. In this third day of activity there were 43 students in the class. Thirteen students had cut other classes to be a part of The Experiment. While the class sat at attention I gave each person a card. I marked three of the cards with a red X and informed the recipients that they had a special assignment to report any students not complying with class rules. I then proceeded to talk about the meaning of action. I explained how discipline and community were meaningless without action. I discussed the beauty of taking full responsibility for one's action. Of believing so thoroughly in yourself and your community or family that you will do anything to preserve, protect and extend that being. I stressed how hard work and allegiance to each other would allow accelerated learning and accomplishment.

At this point, students stood without prompting and began to give what amounted to testimonials. "Mr. Jones, for the first time I'm learning lots of things." "Mr. Jones, why don't you teach like this all the time." I was shocked! Yes, I had been pushing information at them in an extremely controlled setting but the fact that they found it comfortable and acceptable was startling.

To allow students the experience of direct action I gave each individual a specific verbal assignment. "It's *your* task to design a Third Wave Banner. *You* are responsible for stopping any student that is not a Third Wave member from entering this room. I want *you* to remember and be able to recite by tomorrow the name and address of every Third Wave member. *You* are assigned the problem of training and convincing at least 20 children in the adjacent elementary school that our sitting posture is necessary for better learning."

To conclude the session on direct action, I instructed students in a simple procedure for initiating new members. It went like this: A new member had only to be recommended by an existing member and issued a card by me. Upon receiving this card the new member had to demonstrate knowledge of our rules and pledge obedience to them. My announcement unleashed a fervor.

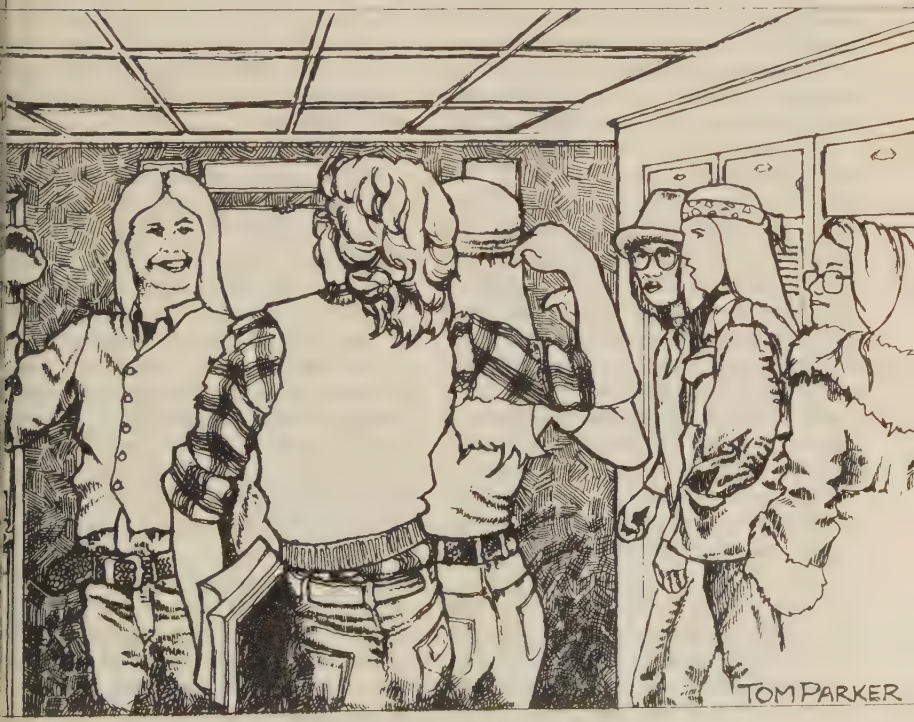
The school was alive with conjecture and curiosity. It affected everyone. The school cook asked what a Third Wave cookie looked like. I said chocolate chip, of course. Our principal came into an afternoon faculty meeting and gave me the Third Wave salute. I saluted back. The librarian thanked me for our banner. She placed it above the library entrance. By the end of the day over 200 students were admit

**introduced them to experiences which characterized Nazi Germany: discipline, community pride and action. They took to this strict code of behavior.**

ed into the order. I felt very alone nd a little scared.

Most of my fear emanated from he incidence of tattletaling. Although I formally appointed only hree students to report deviate behavior, approximately 20 students ame to me with reports about how illan didn't salute, or Georgene was talking critically about our experiment. This incidence of monitoring meant that half the class now considered it their duty to observe and report on members of their class. Within this avalanche of reporting one legitimate conspiracy did seem under way.

Three women in the class had



told their parents all about our classroom activities. These three young women were by far the most intelligent students in the class. During the days of the experiment I was curious how they would respond to the egalitarian and physical reshaping of the class. In the martial atmosphere of the class they seemed stunned and pensive. Now that I look back, they appeared much like the child with so-called learning disability. They watched the activities and participated in a mechanical fashion. Where others jumped in, they held back, watching the others.

In telling their parents of the experiment they set up a brief chain of events. The rabbi for one of the parents called me at home. He was polite and condescending. I told him we were merely studying the German personality. He seemed delighted and told me not to worry. He would talk to the parents and calm their concern. In concluding this conversation I envisioned similar conversations throughout history in which the clergy accepted and apologized for untenable conditions. If only he would have raged in anger or simply investigated the situation, I could point the students to an example of righteous rebellion. But no: the rabbi became a part of the experiment. In remaining ignorant of the oppression in the experiment, he became an accomplice and advocate.

By the end of the third day, the balance between role playing and directed behavior became indistinguishable. Many of the students were completely into being Third Wave members. I particularly remember Robert. Robert was like so many kids in school who don't excel or cause trouble. They aren't bright, they can't make the athletic teams, and don't strike out for attention. The only reason I came to know Robert at all is that I found him eating lunch in my classroom. He always ate lunch alone.

Well, the Third Wave gave Robert a place in school. At least he was equal to everyone; he could do something, take part, and be meaningful.

Late Wednesday afternoon I found Robert following me, and asked him what in the world he was doing. He smiled (I don't think I had ever seen him smile) and announced, "Mr. Jones, I'm your bodyguard. I'm afraid something will happen to you. Can I do it, Mr. Jones, please?"

Given that smile, I couldn't say no. I had a bodyguard. All day long he opened and closed doors for me. He walked always on my right, just smiling and saluting other class members. He followed me everywhere. In the faculty room (closed to students), he stood at silent attention while I gulped some coffee. When accosted by another teacher for being in the "teacher's room," he just smiled and informed the faculty member that he wasn't a student, he was a bodyguard.

**Strength through pride**

On Thursday I began to draw the experiment to a conclusion. I was exhausted and worried. Many students were over the line. The Third Wave had become the center o

**Although I formally appointed only three students to report deviate behavior, half the class came to me with reports of the actions of others.**

heir existence. I was in pretty bad hape myself. I was now acting in-tinctively as a dictator.

Once again I faced the thoughts f closing the experiment or letting go its own course. Both options ere unworkable. If I stopped the xperiment a great number of stu-ents would be left hanging. They ad committed themselves in front f their peers to radical behavior. motionally and psychologically hey had exposed themselves. If I uddenly jolted them back to class-oom reality, I would face a con-used student body for the remain-er of the year.

The other option of just letting he experiement run its course also as out of the question. Things lready were out of control. Wed-esday evening, the father of one of ur students had broken into the lassroom and ransacked the place. e was a retired Air Force colonel ho had spent time in a German risoner of war camp. Upon hearing f our activity, he simply lost ontrol. Late in the evening he roke into our room and tore it part. I found him that morning ropped up against the classroom oor. He told me about his friends ho had been killed in Germany. He eld on to me, shaking. In staccato ords, he pleaded that I understand nd help him get home. I called his ife, and with the help of a eighbor, walked him home. He spent hours later talking about what he felt and did.

I was increasingly worried about how our activity was affecting the faculty and other students in the school. The Third Wave was disrupting normal learning. Students were cutting class to participate, and the school counselors were beginning to question every student in the class. The real gestapo in the school was at work. Faced with The Experiment exploding in 100 directions, I decided to try an old basketball strategy. When you're playing against all the odds, the best action to take is to try the unexpected. That's what I did.

By Thursday, the class size had swollen to over 80 students. The only thing that allowed them to fit in the classroom was the enforced discipline of sitting in silence at attention. A strange calm is in effect when a room full of people sit in quiet observation and anticipation. This helped me to approach them in a deliberate way. I talked about pride. "Pride is more than banners or salutes. Pride is something no one can take from you. Pride is knowing you are the best. It can't be destroyed..."

In the midst of this crescendo, I abruptly changed and lowered my voice to announce the "real" reason for the Third Wave experiment: "The Third Wave isn't just an experiment or classroom activity. It's far

more important than that. The Third Wave is a nationwide program to find students who are willing to fight for political change in this country. That's right. This activity we have been doing has been practice for the real thing. Across the country teachers like myself have been recruiting and training a youth brigade capable of showing the nation a better society through discipline, community, pride, and action. If we can change the way that school is run, we can change the way that factories, stores, universities and all the other institutions are run. You are a selected group of young people chosen to help in this cause. If you will stand up and display what you have learned in the past four days...we can change the destiny of this nation. We can bring it a new sense of order, community, pride and action. A new purpose. Everything rests with you and your willingness to take a stand."

To give validity to the seriousness of my words I turned to the three women in the class whom I knew had questioned the Third Wave. I demanded that they leave the room. I explained why I acted and then assigned four guards to escort the women to the library and to prevent them from entering the class on Friday. Then in dramatic style I informed the class of a special noon rally to take place on Friday. This would be a rally for Third Wave members only.

It was a wild gamble. I just kept talking, afraid that if I stopped someone would laugh or ask a question, and the grand scheme would dissolve in chaos. I explained how at noon on Friday a national candidate for President would announce the formation of a Third Wave Youth Program. Simultaneous to this announcement over 1000 youth groups from every part of the country would stand up and display their support for such a movement. I confided that they were the students selected to represent their area.

I asked them to make a good showing, because the press had been invited to attend to record the event. No one laughed. There was not a murmur of resistance; quite to the contrary. A fever pitch of excitement swelled across the room. "We can do it!" "Should we wear white shirts?" "Can we bring friends?" "Mr. Jones, have you seen this advertisement in *Time* magazine?"

The clincher came quite by accident. It was a full page color advertisement in the current issue of *Time* for some lumber product. The advertiser identified his product as the Third Wave. The advertisement proclaimed in big red, white and blue letters, "The Third Wave is coming." "Is this part of the campaign, Mr. Jones? Is it a code or something?" "Yes. Now listen carefully. It's all set for tomorrow. Be in the small auditorium ten minutes before noon. Be seated. Be ready to display the discipline, community, and pride you have learned. Don't talk to anyone about this. This rally is for members only."

**Strength through understanding**

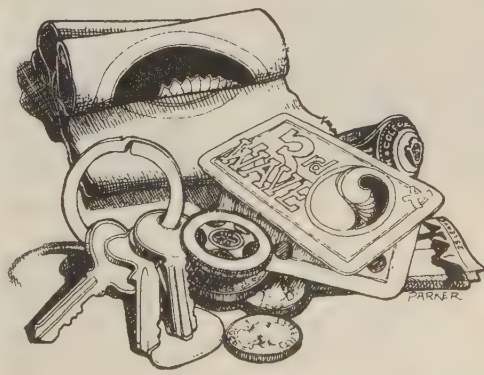
On Friday, the final day of the

**By Thursday, I was exhausted and worried: many students were over the line, someone had ransacked our classroom, and normal learning was disrupted.**

xercise, I spent the early morning reparing the auditorium for the lly. At 11:30 students began to nt their way into the room, first a w scouting the way and then ore. Row after row began to fill. A ushed silence shrouded the room. hird Wave banners hung like ouds over the assembly. At twelve clock sharp I closed the room and laced guards at each door. Several iends of mine posing as reporters nd photographers began to inter- t with the crowd, taking pictures nd jotting frantic descriptive notes. group photograph was taken. ver 200 students were crammed nto the room. Not a vacant seat ould be found. The group seemed o be composed of students from nany persuasions. There were the thletes, the social prominents, the tudent leaders, the loners, the roup of kids that always left chool early, the bikers, the pseudo- ip, a few representatives of the chool's dadaist clique, and some f the students that hung out at the aundromat. The entire collection, owever, looked like one force as ey sat in perfect attention. Every erson focused on the television I ad in the front of the room. No one oved. The room was empty of ound. It was like we were all wit- ess to a birth. The tension and an- icipation were beyond belief.

"Before turning on the national ress conference, which begins in five minutes, I want to demonstrate to the press the extent of our training." With that I gave the salute, followed automatically by two hundred arms stabbing a reply. I then said the words "Strength Through Discipline," followed by a repetitive chorus. We did this again, and again. Each time the response was louder.

It was 12:05. I turned off the lights in the room and walked quickly to the television. The air in the room seemed to be drying up. It felt hard to breathe and even harder to talk. It was as if the climax of shouting souls had pushed everything out of the room. I switched the television on. I was now standing next to the television directly facing the room full of people. The machine came to life producing



a luminous field of pale blue light.

The only light in the room was coming from the television and it played against the faces in the room. Eyes strained and pulled at the light but the pattern didn't change. The room stayed deadly still. Waiting. There was a mental tug of war between the people in the room and the television. The television won. The glow of the test pattern didn't snap into the vision of a political candidate. It just whined on. Still the viewers persisted. There must be a program. It must be coming on. Where is it? The trance with the television continued for what seemed like hours. It was 12:07. Nothing. A blank screen. It's not going to happen. Anticipation turned to anxiety and then to frustration. Someone stood up and shouted.

"There isn't any leader is there?" Everyone turned in shock, first to the despondent student and then back to the television. Their faces held looks of disbelief. In the confusion of the moment I moved slowly toward the television. I turned it off. I began to talk. Every word seemed to be taken and absorbed.

"Listen closely, I have something important to tell you. There is no leader! There is no such thing as a national youth movement called the Third Wave. You have been used. Manipulated. Shoved by your own desires into the place you now find yourself. You are no better or worse than the German Nazi we have been studying.

"You thought that you were the elect. That you were better than those outside this room. You bargained your freedom for the comfort of discipline and superiority. You chose to accept the group's will and the big lie over your own conviction. Oh, you think to yourself that you were just going along for the fun. That you could extricate yourself at any moment. But where were you heading? How far would you have gone? Let me show you your future."

With that I switched on a rear screen movie projector. It quickly illuminated a white drop cloth hanging behind the television. Large numbers appeared in a countdown. The roar of the Nuremburg Rally blasted into vision. My heart was pounding. In ghostly images, the history of the Third Reich paraded into the room. The discipline. The march of the super race. The big lie. Arrogance, violence, terror. People being pushed into vans. The visual stench of death camps. Faces without eyes. The trials. The plea of ignorance. I was only doing my job. My job. As abruptly as it started the film froze to a halt on a single written frame. "Everyone must accept the blame. No one can claim that they didn't in some way take part."

The room stayed dark as the final footage of film flapped against the projector. I felt sick to my stomach. The room smelt like a locker room. No one moved. It was as if everyone wanted to dissect the moment, figure out what had happened. Like awakening from a dream and deep sleep, the entire room of people took one last look back into their consciousness. I waited for several

**Faced with the experiment exploding in all directions, I tried an old basketball strategy—when playing against the odds, try the unexpected.**

minutes to let everyone catch up. Finally questions began to emerge. All of the questions probed at imaginary situations and sought to discover the meaning of this event.

In the still-darkened room I began the explanation.

"Through the experience of the last week we have tasted what it was like to live and act in Nazi Germany. We learned what it felt like to create a disciplined social environment; to build a special society; pledge allegiance to that society; replace reason with rules. Yes, we could all have made good Germans. We would have put on the Uniform. Turned our heads as friends and neighbors were cursed and then persecuted. Pulled the locks shut. Worked in the "defense" plants. Turned ideas. Yes, we know in a small way what it feels like to find a hero. To grab quick solutions. Feel strong and in control of destiny. We know the fear of being left out. The pleasure of doing something right and being rewarded. To be number one. To be right. We have seen and perhaps felt what these actions taken to an extreme will lead to. We each have witnessed something over the past week. We have seen that fascism is not just something those other people did. No, it's right here. In this room. In our own personal habits and way of life. Scratch the surface and it appears. Something in all of us. We carry it

TOM PARKER

like a disease. The belief that human beings are basically evil and therefore unable to act well toward each other. A belief that demands a

strong leader and discipline to preserve social order. And there is something else. The act of apology.

"This is the final lesson to be experienced. This last lesson is perhaps the one of greatest importance. This lesson was the question that started our plunge in studying Nazi life. Do you remember the question? It concerned a bewilderment at the German populace claiming ignorance and non-involvement in the Nazi movement. If I remember the question, it went something like this: How could the German soldier, teacher, railroad conductor, nurse, tax collector, the average citizen, claim at the end of the Third Reich that he or she knew nothing of what was going on? How can a people be a part of something and then claim at the demise that they were not really involved? What causes people to blank out their own history? In the next few minutes and perhaps years, you will have an opportunity to answer this question.

"If our enactment of the Fascist mentality is complete, not one of you will ever admit to being at this final Third Wave rally. Like the Germans, you will have trouble admitting to yourself that you came this far. You will not allow your friends and parents to know that you were willing to give up individual freedom and power for the dictates of order and unseen leaders. You can't admit to being manipulated; being a follower; to accepting the Third Wave as a way of life. You won't admit to participating in this madness. You will keep this day and this rally a secret. It's a secret I shall share with you."

I took the film from the three cameras in the room and pulled the celluloid into the exposing light. The deed was concluded. The trial was over. The Third Wave had ended.

I glanced over my shoulder. Robert was crying. Students slowly rose from their chairs and without words filed into the outdoor light. I walked over to Robert and threw my arms around him. Robert was sobbing, taking in large, uncontrollable gulps of air. In our consoling of each other, we became a rock in the stream of exiting students. Some swirled back to momentarily hold Robert and me. Others cried openly and then brushed away tears to carry on; human beings circled and held each other, then moved toward the door and the world outside.

For a week in the middle of a school year we had shared fully in life. And as predicted we also shared a deep secret. In the four years I taught at Cubberley High School, no one ever admitted to attending the Third Wave Rally. Oh, we talked and studied our actions intently. But the Rally itself: No. It was something we all wanted to forget. □

This article is a true story. The events described here took place at Cubberley High School, Palo Alto, Ca., on five days in April 1969. The article is condensed and reprinted from the Spring 1976 "Co-Evolution Quarterly." The material is copyright © Ron Jones.

# THE LIVING WITNESS

## art in the concentration camps

**BY MARY COSTANZA**

A phenomenon has arisen out of the nether world of the concentration camps that is awesome. A body of art work was produced and has been salvaged to become a part of collections in Israel, Europe, and the United States. It has survived the corrosive forces of nature as well as the relentless surveillance and searches of the Nazis to destroy it. Enough of it exists to make it an artistic and historical source that is vital and draws us into that abject world to witness the awful truth. This work must be acknowledged as part of the art of the 20th century, and must also be pondered and studied as another

dimension of the experience of European Jewry during World War II.

To grasp the marvel of this work, it is necessary to understand the conditions under which the artist-victims were forced to exist, in contrast with the conditions in which creative work can flourish.

The Nazi "final solution" to the Jewish problem called for two basic types of camps: the extermination camps and the slave/labor camps with a vast satellite system of ancillary camps and ghettos. There were hundreds of camps peppered

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TO GRASP THE MARVEL OF THIS WORK, ONE MUST UNDERSTAND THE SUFFERING OF THE ARTIST-VICTIMS.

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all over the European continent for the ultimate annihilation of the Jewish people. The extermination camps were centered at strategic points easily accessible by rail. The six major sites were all in Poland: Auschwitz, Sobibor, Treblinka, Chelmno, Maidanek and Belzec. The slave/labor camps had facilities for taking care of the daily dead because of their own high death rates. Even Terezin, the "fraudulent model camp," had its crematorium and torture chamber—the Kleine Festung. The only significant difference between the two types was that the extermination camps meant immediate death; the others, slow, agonizing death, the more cruel because here life meant the dim delusion of hope.

A place was made for some artists in this sub-human society. In some camps, such as Terezin, the camp organization included a graphics room, the Zeichenstube, where artists were assigned to make graphs, charts, and maps that were periodically sent to Berlin by the maniacal record keepers. In other camps the artists drew diagrams and designs for building constructions. In Sachsenhausen, near Berlin, the SS operated a large counterfeit plant which produced forged postage, passports, and British and American currency. Here the artists were assigned to reproduce forgeries in large quantities. In the Bialystok Ghetto the artists were put to work copying stolen works of art for resale in Germany. Some artists were used to paint portraits, as was Malvina Schalkova, an established artist of 60 when she was incarcerated in Terezin. Esther Lurie was a "Nummerschreiberin," writer of numbers, on the uniforms of the prisoners.

Hunger, disease, torture and killings were the daily companions of these ravaged people. The physical deprivations—starvation, congestion, lack of water and toilet facilities, exhaustive labor, and beatings—were compounded by psychological torments. Simple death was too merciful. Prisoners were kept in a state of frenzy, uncertainty, tension and fear. The

ESTHER LURIE
Print-drawing (9¾" x 7½")
Courtesy of Judith Shapiro

Born: 1913, Liepaja, Latvia

While on a visit to Lithuania in 1941, Esther Lurie was arrested by the Nazis and sent to the Kovno Ghetto. In 1944, she was moved to the camps of Nauen and Stutthof and in 1945 was among the 1200 women sent to the Leibitz Women's Camp. "Pictures," she has stated, "are both eye-witness documents and a memorial for the lost souls."

Liberated: 1945, Leibitz

After she was liberated she made her way to Italy, and eventually to Israel.

Resides: Israel

Nazis used every conceivable technique to dehumanize and demoralize the prisoners before their deaths. What then motivated the artists?

Lacking the most elementary requirements for human work, least of all creative art, the artists of the camps were driven by the desire to convey in visual language the scenes of every day life, a life so grotesque that it became their purpose, their incentive, to inform and to expose to an apathetic world what was happening to a people.

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THEY TOOK GREAT PAINS TO CONCEAL THEIR WORK—IT WAS MEANT TO BE FOUND AND SEEN AFTER LIBERATION.

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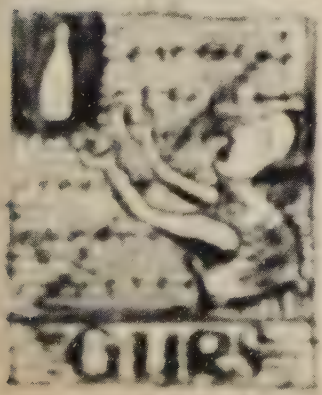
This became their mission—a burning need that propelled them to work under duress, secrecy and the risk of discovery.

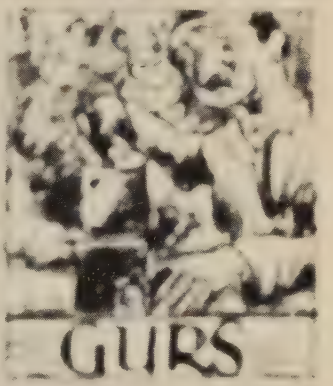
Work was hidden in barrack walls, buried in the ground, or smuggled out of the camps. It was the artists' intention that these works be found and seen. Always under close scrutiny, they took great pains to find ways and places to conceal their works. Leo Haas, one of the few surviving artists of Terezin, wrote: "With feverish efforts...we succeeded in prying out a part of the wall of our room and to wall in the drawings. Fritta's works were also buried in a tin case... and were saved this way...Immediately after we had returned we sought out the places in Terezin where we had hidden our works. We actually found them unharmed."

At Auschwitz-Birkenau, Halina Olomucki's "intention was to leave documents about the time of destruction of our people...[someone told me] 'if you live to leave this hell make your drawings tell the world about us, we want to be among the living at least on paper' ...All the suffering and death should not be permitted to vanish ...and this need to document became an extraordinary force that carried me to survival." Zoran Music hid over a hundred of his drawings in the factory at Dachau where he was enslaved. The plant was bombed and only 35 were found.

The account of the artists whose works were smuggled out while they were still in Terezin tells us much not only about the bravery and the agony of the artists and the importance they attached to their work, but also about the relentless and vengeful pursuit by the Nazis. Bedrich Fritta, Otto Unger, Felix Bloch, and Leo Haas were the major artists in the Zeichenstube in Terezin. As Leo Haas writes, "we were so oppressed by the horrible surroundings that we devoted ourselves to our office duties in the day and then night after night gathered in our darkened workroom, where our sketches matured as a cycle." Works were smuggled out by friends or bribed guards along the same route that food and tobacco

KARL SCHWEISIG
Colored ink drawing (1" x ¾")
Courtesy of Leo Baeck Institute






Born: 1898, Dusseldorf, Germany

Although Karl Schweisig was not Jewish, he was an outspoken opponent of Nazism. First arrested, then harassed and tortured in Germany, he escaped to Antwerp, Belgium, only to be caught again and sent to Gurs in France. While there, Schweisig worked in the post office, drawing mock postage stamps on the blank perforated margins of real French stamp sheets. He chose this small format so they could be easily smuggled out of the camp.

Liberated: 1945, Gurs, France

Died: 1955, Dusseldorf, Germany

were smuggled in. Their work was discovered by the long arm of the Nazis in Switzerland. Traced back to Terezin, the four artists and their wives and children were sent to the torture chamber. Here Bloch was beaten to death. Fritta was beaten so badly that he died as soon as he reached Auschwitz where he was sent. His wife died from the beatings. Ungar's right hand was so severely mutilated that two fingers had to be amputated. He, too, was deported to Auschwitz, but survived it and the "death march" to Buchenwald only to die a few days after his liberation in a hospital in Wiemar, comforted by the knowledge that his wife and his five-year-old daughter had survived. Leo Haas was sent to Sachsenhausen after his beatings, and then to Mauthausen, but he miraculously survived. He and his wife adopted the three-year old son of the Frittas; but his wife became an invalid for the rest of her short life as a result of the torture she underwent in Terezin. None of the artists, however, ever revealed the whereabouts of their work still hidden in Terezin. They hang today in the Prague State Jewish Museum and the Terezin Memorial!

WHAT MOTIVATED THEM? A BURNING NEED TO EXPOSE TO THE WORLD THE SLAUGHTER OF A PEOPLE.

At least 2000 works have been salvaged and are in the collection of the Beit Lohamei Haghetaot in Israel. The collation of these works has been the lifetime mission of a remarkable woman, Miriam Novitch, the curator and director of the museum, herself a survivor and resistance fighter in the Warsaw Ghetto. Another large collection is housed in the State Jewish Museum in Prague. There are also fine small collections in archives such as the Leo Baeck Institute in New York City, and the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research also in New York, and other institutions all over the world. It is impossible to estimate how many works have perished and how many have survived. Many are in private hands, and perhaps those who own them may not even know how important they are. The fact that any works exist is miraculous.

There is an inscription probably written by a prisoner which has been made a part of the Czechoslovakian Memorial in Sachsenhausen that reads:

PEOPLE, I HAVE LOVED YOU, BE ON YOUR GUARD! □

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Mary S. Costanza is a Philadelphia artist and former professor of art who compiled the catalogue on which this portfolio is based.

This material is excerpted and reprinted from *A Living Witness, Art in the Concentration Camps,* © 1979 Mary Costanza; no portions may be reprinted or reproduced without the permission of the author. The artwork shown here was part of an exhibit sponsored by the International Conference on Lessons of the Holocaust.

LEO HAAS
"Roll Call"
Wash drawing (17" x 24")
Courtesy of YIVO Institute

Born: 1901, Opavia, Czechoslovakia

In 1939, Leo Haas, a lithographer, was arrested by the Nazis and sent to the Nisko labor camp. In 1942, he was transported to Terezin where he was one of the major artists in the Zeichenstube.

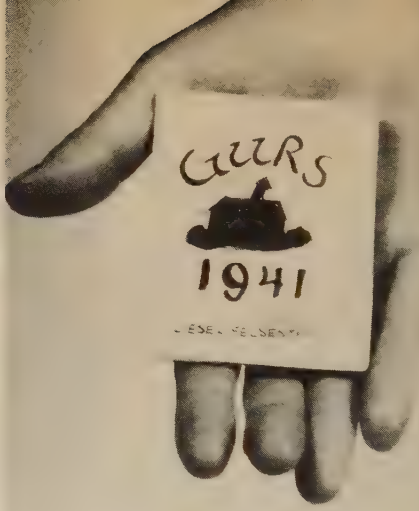
Liberated: 1945, Mauthausen

From 1945 to 1955, he lived in Prague, where he became a leading political cartoonist. In 1955, he went to live in East Germany, where he works in television and films.

Resides: East Germany

Following page:
LEO HAAS
"Roll Call"
Courtesy of YIVO Institute

LIESEL FELSENTHAL
Watercolors (2½" x 3")
Courtesy of Leo Baeck Institute




We have no information about Liesel Felsenthal except that she was interned in Gurs Concentration Camp in France in 1941. The only known surviving work is this 20-page picture diary.

OSIAS HOFSTATTER
Drawing (10¾" x 6½")
Courtesy of Miriam Novitch

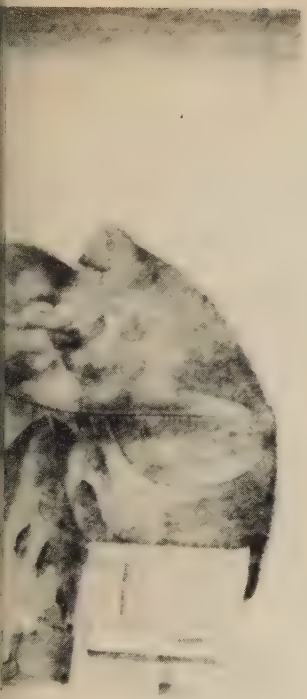
Born: 1905, Poland

While Osias Hofstatter was in France during the war, he was seized by the Nazis and sent to several concentration camps. He managed to escape to Switzerland and smuggled out some of his drawings. He moved to Israel, and in spite of his advanced age, works as a night watchman for a bank in order to have free time to paint during the day.

Escaped: Gurs Concentration Camp

Resides: Israel

FELIX NUSSBAUM
Mixed media (11″ x 18″)
Courtesy of Leo Baeck Institute



Born: December 12, 1904, Osnabrueck, Germany

Felix Nussbaum's work was highly acclaimed and frequently exhibited from 1929 to 1932. After Hitler came to power, Nussbaum emigrated to Belgium. In 1940, the Nazis arrested him and deported him to Gurs, one of the largest camps in France. He escaped and returned to Belgium, where he lived underground until he was again seized and sent this time to Auschwitz, accompanied by his wife.

Perished: 1944, Auschwitz

ALFRED KANTOR
Pencil drawing (3½" x 2¼")
Courtesy of the artist

Born: 1923, Prague, Czechoslovakia

At the age of 18, Alfred Kantor was sent with the first labor crew to Terezin. In 1943, he was deported to Auschwitz, where, he wrote, ". . . sketching took on a new urgency. I was determined to keep a continuous record even though I knew there was no chance to take these (sketches) out."

Liberated: 1945, Terezin

Resides: New York

HALINA OLOMUCKI
Drawing on tissue (6½" x 9¾")
Courtesy of Miriam Novitch

Born: Warsaw, Poland

Halina Olomucki lived through the Nazi ghettoization of Warsaw and survived the deportation and internment in Auschwitz-Birkenau. Her work in the Warsaw Ghetto was smuggled out and her drawings of Auschwitz were hidden and recovered after the war.

Liberated: Auschwitz-Birkenau

She returned to Warsaw after the war and studied in Lodz. In 1957, she went to Paris and in 1972 moved to Israel.

Resides: Israel

SCHLOLL
(14¾" x 13")
Courtesy of Jewish Archives

Schloll was interned in the Ferramonti Concentration Camp, Italy, June 21, 1941. No information about this artist is available other than this water color which is in the Jewish Archives in Philadelphia and is part of the Maximillian Pereles Collection.

It's really a wonder that I haven't dropped all my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery and death. I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us too, I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquility will return again.

—Anne Frank, July 15, 1944

# be free to b

**The Setting:**

Why am I so full of questions?
Why do my parents argue with me all the time?

Why can't I cope with school?
Why does nobody seem to like me?

All you see on TV news is trouble!
The world is all mixed up, and so am I!

As a nation, we have plenty; so why don't
we share it with the poor?

I want to believe in something, but
I don't know what to hang onto anymore.

Everything's changing so fast,
I don't know what's right.

I want to do something important
with my life, but what?

There are so many answers, but which way to go?
Is life really worth it all?

Is there no one I can turn to?

**The Action:**

I really feel at home with this group.
They took me in like a family.

They're strict! Everyone obeys the same rules.
We work hard. We do everything together.

They've got a cause. We give and collect
a lot of money. So I feel like I'm helping someone.

Our leader is a great guy. He has insight from God.
We do everything he tells us to. He's like a father.

I don't need to ask my questions anymore.
Our leader has all the answers.

# ourself

Anyone who doesn't agree with us is not part of us.
They're different. They don't know the truth. They sin.

Our first concern is for ourselves. The world's hope
is for everyone else to become like us.

My family, and some of my friends, don't like this group.
But they don't understand. So I've cut off all contacts.

Why shouldn't I follow this leader and his group?

**The Awakening:**

I am restless. I still have unanswered questions. Why
should I keep them bottled up inside me? Free them!

My questions aren't simple. No easy answers. No final truths.
Life is too complex. No one person knows it all. Only God.

If I'm going to believe for myself, I've got to be free
to doubt among those whom I trust, who love me, who are wise.

No more plastic smiles. I need people who will accept me
as I am, even if we don't agree. That's *true* friendship!

If I'm always dependent on someone else, I can't grow. I've
got to be on my own enough to prove I can take responsibility
for my own actions.

Freedom is scary. So I need the security of friendly ties,
of family roots, of a faith that binds, and of being needed.

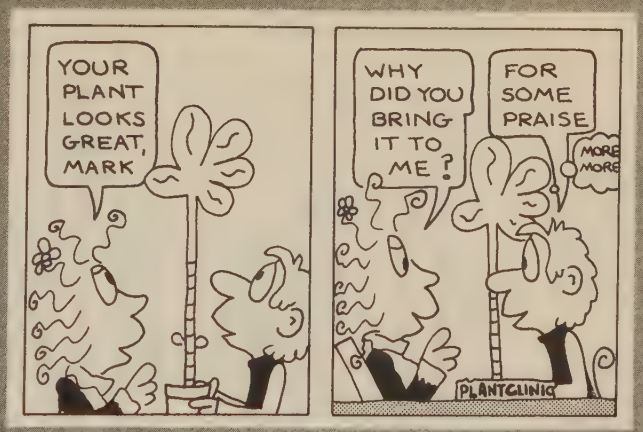
Life is sacred. I've got to open my
eyes to how I can help those in need and be a conscience
to others whom I know can help.

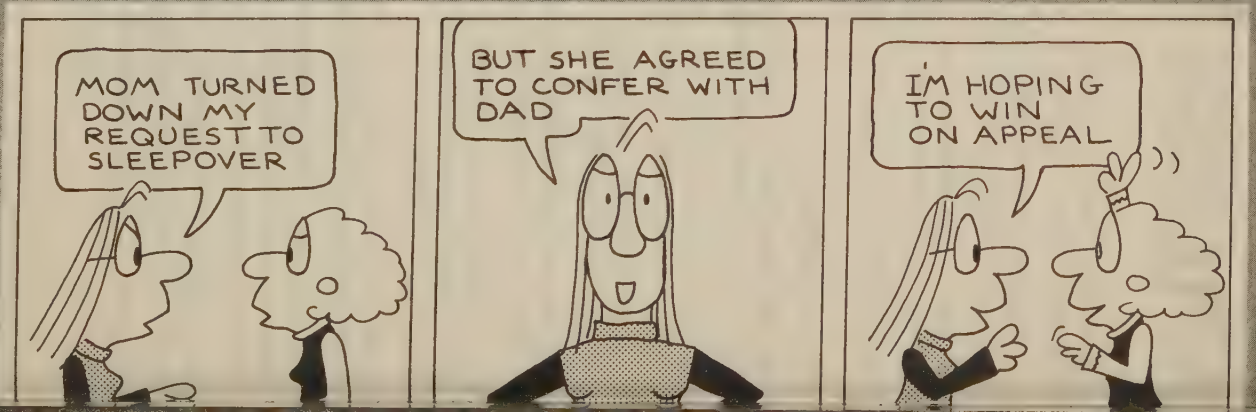
If you really love me, God, I am free to choose for myself. Others
have failed you, but your Word lives on. That's the comfort I need!

I am free to be who I was meant to be!

—Herman C. Ahrens Jr.

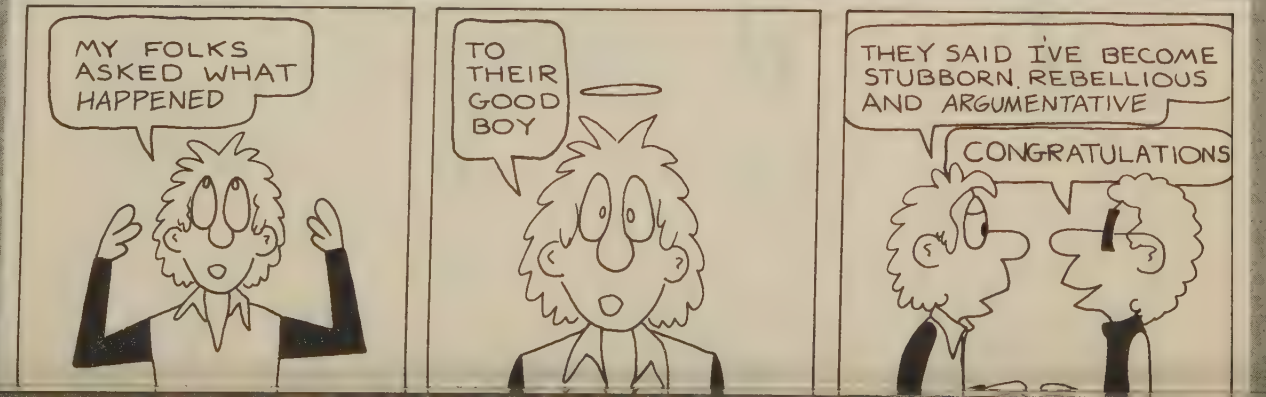
OUCH
growing pains
PAPERCLIPS BY DOUG BRUNNER

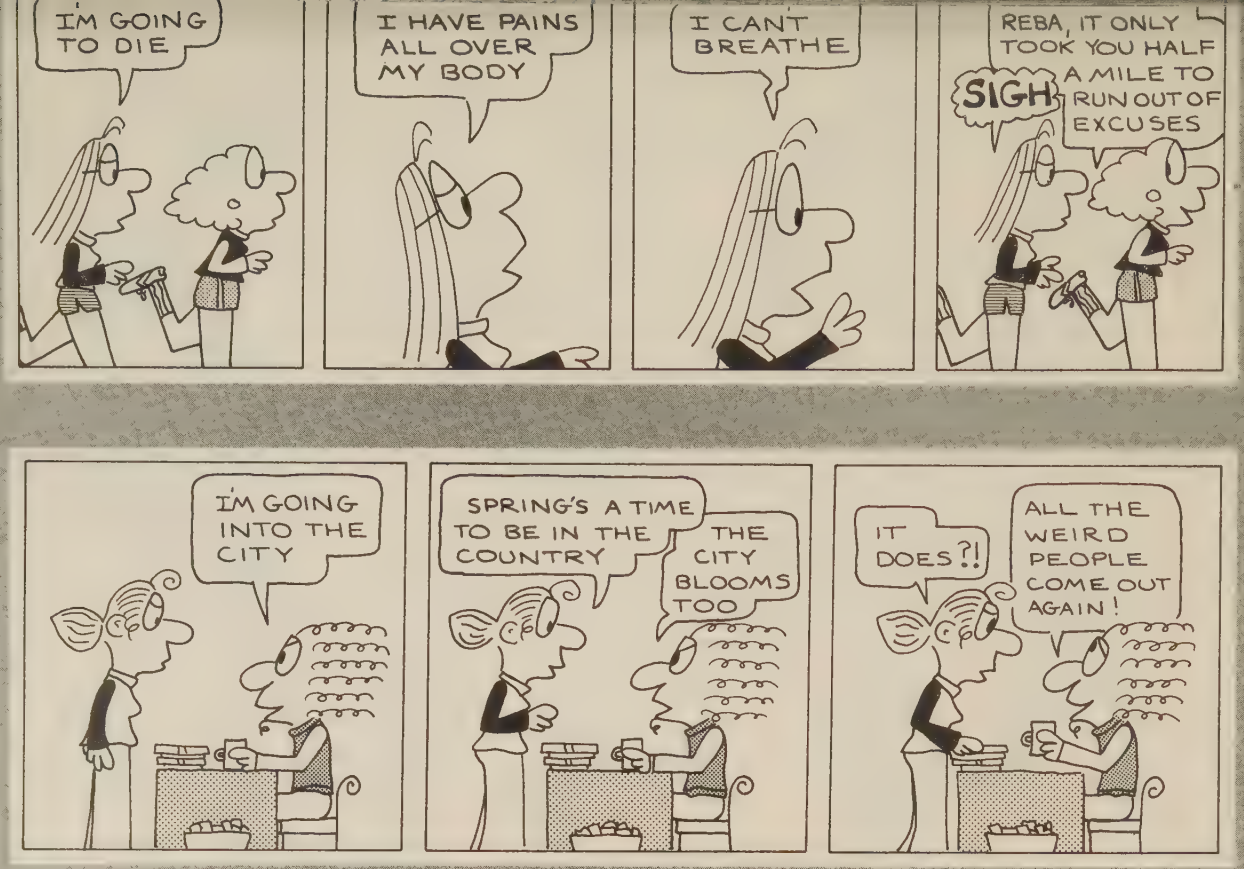

YOUR PLANT LOOKS GREAT, MARK
WHY DID YOU BRING IT TO ME?
FOR SOME PRAISE
MORE MORE
PLANTCLINIC


MOM TURNED DOWN MY REQUEST TO SLEEPOVER
BUT SHE AGREED TO CONFER WITH DAD
I'M HOPING TO WIN ON APPEAL

© 1979 Doug Brunner

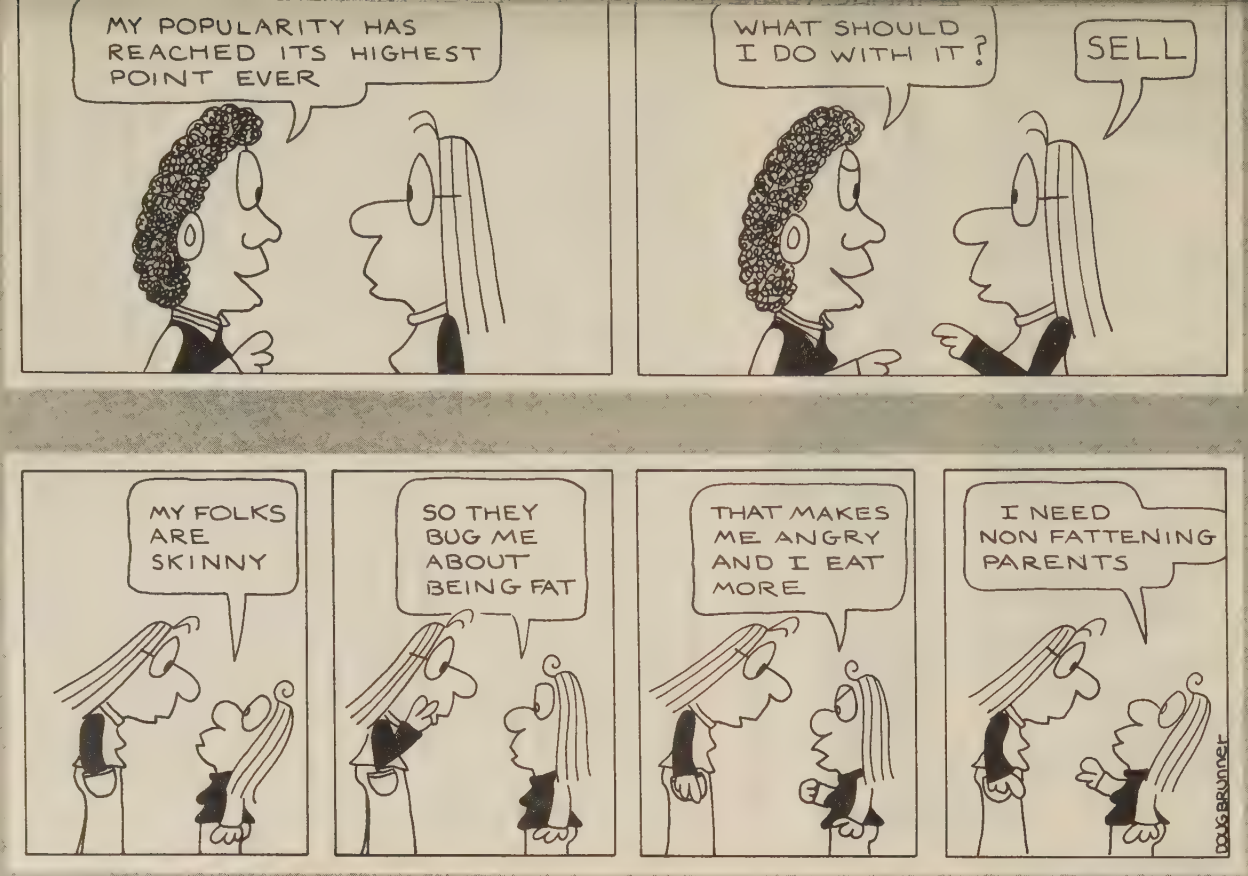
I SANG TO MY PLANT
CARESSED ITS LEAVES
AND TALKED TO IT FOR HOURS
WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU FORGOT TO WATER IT


MY FOLKS ASKED WHAT HAPPENED
TO THEIR GOOD BOY
THEY SAID I'VE BECOME STUBBORN, REBELLIOUS AND ARGUMENTATIVE
CONGRATULATIONS


I'M GOING TO DIE
I HAVE PAINS ALL OVER MY BODY
I CAN'T BREATHE
REBA, IT ONLY TOOK YOU HALF A MILE TO RUN OUT OF EXCUSES
SIGH
I'M GOING INTO THE CITY
SPRING'S A TIME TO BE IN THE COUNTRY
THE CITY BLOOMS TOO
IT DOES?!
ALL THE WEIRD PEOPLE COME OUT AGAIN!

I'M IN TRAINING TO LOSE WEIGHT AND GET IN SHAPE
THE COMPETITION IS FORMIDABLE
MY BAD HABITS!

ABBEY GAVE ME THIS GREAT PLANT
IT DOESN'T NEED A LOT OF SUN OR WATER
YET IT ALWAYS LOOKS GOOD
I FORGET WHAT IT'S CALLED
ARTIFICIAL


MY POPULARITY HAS REACHED ITS HIGHEST POINT EVER
WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH IT?
SELL
MY FOLKS ARE SKINNY
SO THEY BUG ME ABOUT BEING FAT
THAT MAKES ME ANGRY AND I EAT MORE
I NEED NON FATTENING PARENTS
BRUNNER

# Dungeons

**BY MARGARET R. PURDY**

"You're in a corridor running north and south."

"We go north."

"Fifty feet north and you come to a door."

"We listen at the door."

"You hear voices."

"Thief will try to pick the lock."

"He doesn't succeed. However, your dwarf sees a gelatinous cube coming up the corridor behind you."

"Yipe! Somebody light a torch. Cleric, give me your mace. We take a swing at the door."

"It flies open. In the room are five orcs. They attack."

"My fighter swings his sword at the lead orc. . . ."

Fantasy novelist and friend brainstorming? Wrong. Rehearsal for the upcoming "Conan" movie? Not quite. The people in the above (fictitious) segment are playing "Dungeons & Dragons," an imaginative fantasy game that came into being several years ago in the Midwest. It has been growing in popularity ever since, spreading through wargaming societies, fantasy enthusiasts, science fiction clubs, college crowds, and simple groups of friends. Players have often been known to stay up long past midnight exploring the mazy depths, arguing over rules and fireballing all trespassers.

What is this game that has so captured the imaginations of these various people across the country? Where did it come from, and what makes it so fas-

# & Dragons

inating? What's the appeal? It all started in a fantasy war-aming club located in the Twin ities area in Minnesota. This lub was primarily engaged in laying "Chainmail," a medieval vargame which employed fan-asy elements. One of the mem-ers, Dave Arneson, decided to evise a more diversified and hallenging game, which would e based on "Chainmail" but vould allow for different kinds f adventures. Within the fan-asy world of the earlier game, e found a suitably weird and oggy location and constructed he eerie town and dungeons of Blackmoor." Rules were drawn p, and the long-lived Black-noor campaign began. (For all I now, it may still be going on as write this!)

As the "Blackmoor" campaign grew in popularity, news of it reached the ears of E. Gary Gygax, another fantasy war-gamer living in Lake Geneva, Wi. Lake Geneva soon had a cam-paign of its own, known as "Greyhawk." Eventually Gygax and Arneson got together and published the rules for "Dun-geons & Dragons" (or "D&D," as it is often called). Since then, the game has spread like wild-fire: there are an estimated 150,000 players world-wide. Many colleges now have games clubs; an example is Columbia University, whose games club was originally a subsection of the science fiction society, but recently broke off and became a

Margaret R. Purdy is a 1978 graduate of Barnard College, New York, N.Y.

**The game has grown in popularity among fantasy enthusiasts, science fiction clubs and simple groups of friends. What makes it so fascinating?**

club in its own right. Other SF clubs also contain "D&D" contingents, and recent science fiction conventions have set aside rooms for "D&D" tournaments and random play. In fact, gamers are now organizing their own conventions, and "D&D" is usually one of the main attractions.

The fantasy world of "Dungeons & Dragons" is not too far removed from the Middle-earth of J.R.R. Tolkien. It is even closer to the sword-and-sorcery realms of Robert E. Howard's *Conan* stories, Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian adventures, and Fritz Leiber's tales of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser. It can, however, draw from almost any branch of fantastic literature, depending on the tastes of the players.

To play "Dungeons & Dragons," you need a book of rules, a set of polyhedral dice (including four-sided, six-sided, eight-sided, 12-sided and 20-sided dice), graph paper for mapping dungeons, pencils, paper, a referee, as many players as you like, and above all, time and imagination.

The largest investment of time and imagination is made by the referee, usually known as the Dungeon Master. He or she is the one who conceives and draws the labyrinthine dungeons, usually several levels of them, and stocks them with horrid monsters and rich treasure. The Dungeon Master also acts as umpire during the game, informing the players of where they are and what perils they are facing, and overseeing the operations of fate and chance in the form of rolls of the dice. The other players create characters and send them down into the dungeon seeking for treasure and adventure.

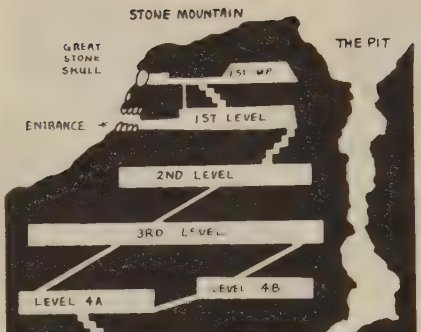
Creation of characters is ac-

is group of friends in Media, Pa., get together to play "Dungeons & Dragons" a regular basis. The Dungeon Master is in the foreground.

mplished with the dice, three rmal six-sided ones to begin ith. These dice are thrown six mes, to obtain scores for the tributes of Strength, Intelli- nce, Wisdom, Dexterity, Char- ma, and Constitution. Three the lowest possible score and 8 the highest; therefore, a char- ter with a strength of 18 and a xterity of three might be able chop an enemy in two with he blow—if he doesn't slice off s own foot first! Intelligence fers mainly to knowledge hich can be learned, whereas isdom governs common nse, tact, empathy and so on. xterity covers both speed and anual dexterity. Charisma indi- ates looks, personality, and adership qualities, and Consti- tion indicates general health nd the ability to withstand dversity.

After the basic attributes have been discovered, the player decides which class his or her character will belong to. There are four major classes: Fighter, Magic-user, Cleric, and Thief. In theory, any character can be assigned to any class, but it is usually more advantageous to class a character according to which of the "prime requisites" she or he is strongest in. The prime requisite for Fighters is Strength; for Magic-users, Intelligence; for Clerics, Wisdom; and for Thieves, Dexterity.

After these and other matters have been attended to, the characters are ready to venture down into the dungeon. Whether they begin by going overland or start underground immediately, they will be traveling blind, with little or no knowledge of what awaits them in the depths. As they go,




Diagrams used courtesy of TSR Hobbies, Inc.

The dungeons have a number of levels, sample shown above, with interlocking corridors, stairs, secret doors, closed rooms, traps and surprises. On the facing page is a sample floor plan of the dungeons of the sorcerer Zenopus. The rooms contain fantastic creatures and things such as goblins, magical potions, sleeping gas, skeletons, magic-users, giant rats, huge spiders, phosphorescent fungus, a damsel in distress and treasure.

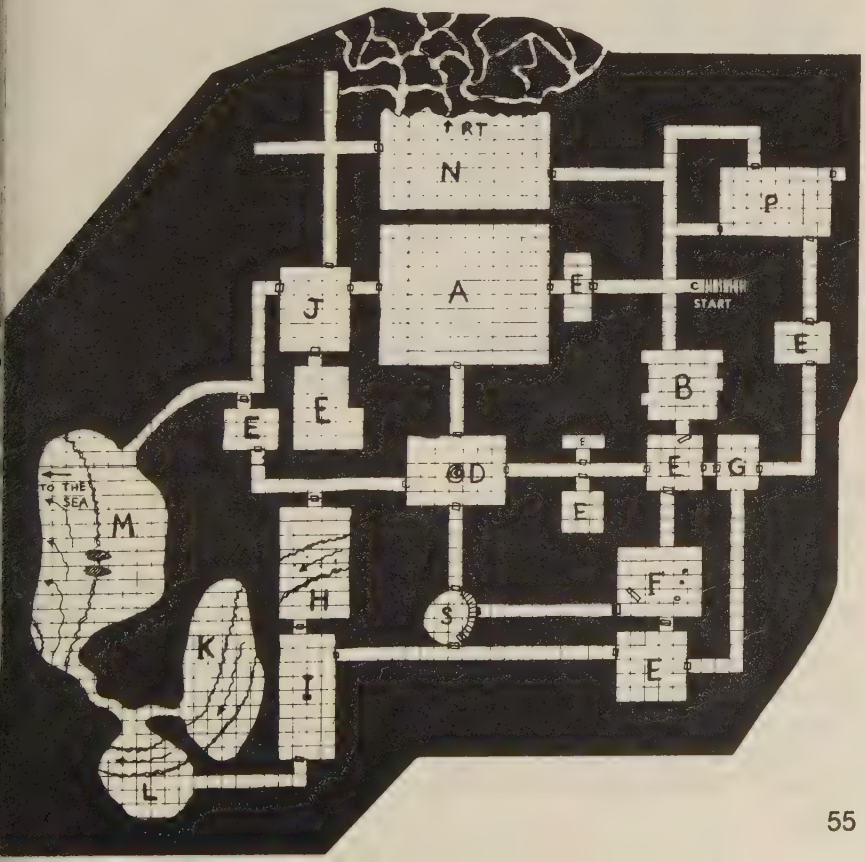
they will map and record what they find. They will encounter and battle monsters such as orcs, manticoras, and the dreaded Purple Worm that can swallow a person in one gulp. They may also find friendly creatures who will offer advice and help. With a little luck, they will find treasure: silver and gold pieces, gems, jewelry, and various magical items. And with more luck, they will survive to leave the dungeon with all their loot.

However, leaving the dungeon is not the end of the story. One of the attractive features of "D&D" is that it is, or can be, continuous. Characters can go on adventure after adventure, and as they do so, amassing more wealth and experience each time they progress and become more powerful. At the end of each adventure, all treasure is divided among the surviving members of the expedition (equally, unless an enterprising thief happens to rob the saddlebags on the way home). All gained wealth is computed in gold pieces, and for each gold piece a character also receives one experience point. In addition, the Dungeon Master may see fit to distribute extra experience points. When a character has accumulated a certain number of experience points, he or she moves up a level. Each successive level attained means a gain of hit points, making the character harder to kill. A Magic-user will also be able to cast more and harder spells; a Cleric, too, will gain spells; and a Thief will have a greater probability of success in picking locks, finding traps, hiding in the shadows, and other thievish specialties.

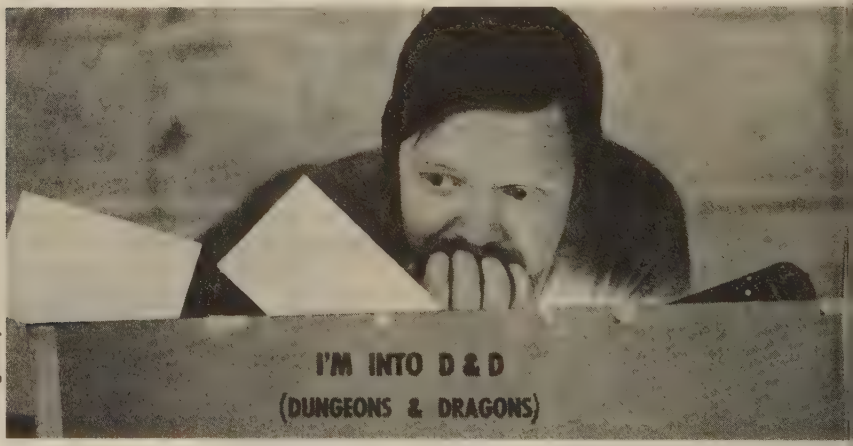
There is no theoretical limit to how many levels upward a character can progress, but as she or he becomes more powerful,

ets harder to find monsters arsome enough to be a real hallenge. Such high-level char-cters will probably wish to rest on their laurels and leave the dventuring to fresh, new char-cters. Thus, the cast may nange, but the play goes on.

"Dungeons & Dragons" ap-eals to a wide variety of people, nd one of the reasons for this is s flexibility. None of the rules e hard-and-fast; the authors themselves state that they are conceived as *guidelines* for developing your own personal version of the game. Thus, no two dungeons are ever the same, as they will naturally be affected by the personalities of the players in general and the Dungeon Master in particular. Some Dungeon Masters are hardboiled and heartless, and take delight in wiping out hapless characters. Others are kindhearted and gen-



**The Dungeon Master designs the dungeons and stocks them with horrid monsters and rich treasure; she or he oversees the adventure.**




I. George Bilyk

This Dungeon Master watches the characters' changes of fortune, as determined by the roll of the polyhedral dice.

erous, and will go out of their way to give extra help to struggling beginners.

One Dungeon Master I know of calls his dungeon "The Great Political Woods," in which the characters must contend with the fantastical version of American politics. Another one thought that players who wished to be non-humanoid characte (centaurs, unicorns, etc.) we getting the short end of the sti in regular "Dungeons & Dra ons," so he created a universe which *only* these creatures we allowed. Not many games, w games or otherwise, leave th much scope for variety.

Another reason for the pop

arity of "D&D" is that it can be many different things to different people. Math mavens will be attracted by the various permutations and probabilities inherent in the game situations (not to mention those crazy dice). Wargamers will find new and different fields for their strategies. To fantasy and science fiction buffs, it gives a chance to create their own alternate worlds, to live in them, to get the feel of what it would actually be like to fight dragons and besiege castles and go on magical adventures. And to everyone who plays it, it offers fun and excitement, the thrill of risking your life, the challenge of survival, and the satisfaction of the universal craving to explore the unknown.

I asked members of the Columbia University Games Club why they found "Dungeons & Dragons" so enjoyable. They gave various reasons, but three or four main ones resurfaced constantly. One of these reasons, as a veteran gamer put it, was "escape from reality, of course!" Another Columbia undergraduate, whose home is in Michigan, was more specific:

"Living at college has got a lot of tension in it. There's a lot of work to it, and you don't have a lot of free time. Playing 'D & D' is like going for a two-week vacation once an evening. You play for three or four hours, and relax; you get just about as much psychologically as you do on a three-week vacation."

Exercise for the imagination was another attraction for many. Said one player, "I like the way I'm able to give vent to my imagination and come up with novel situations and put them into action in about as real a life as I possibly can." And a Barnard student from Arlington, Va. explained, "It lets out the closet actor in me. You get to play the role that you roll up—the character, so to speak—and you can sublimate yourself to that character. For an hour or so I can become a golden ki-rin [a distant Oriental relative of the unicorn] who can wind-walk and go between ethereal planes."

Many "D&D" players find that the game provides an outlet for fantasies, both their own and those they have built upon literary models. "It gives you the opportunity to live in a world which heretofore only existed in books," said one person. "You live the adventures of Tolkien and any adventures you can name." A fan of Anne McCaffrey's *Dragon* series observed, "I've always wanted to be a dragonrider, and this is the closest I can come!" In these fantasies, there is a strong creative element, as the student from Virginia pointed out: "It's as if you

were writing something, writing a story, or creating characters, but you don't have to think up everyone's reactions—they do it themselves." Another agreed: "It's the same attraction as there is to being a writer. It's like a group storytelling."

There is, I discovered, a special fascination to being a Dungeon Master, which was described as "Godhood. There's the attraction of absolute power—my word is law." Other Dungeon Masters corroborated this statement. "The thing that helps," said the creator of the Great Political Woods, "is the fact that I am God in this fantasy world. This is something I've always wanted to do. So I create my universe, and I manage to get people to take part in it, and while they're there, I have total control, and I can kill them if I feel like it, and occasionally I do." This feeling of power also extends to the players. "It enables you to roll up these characters and endow them with the spirit and sort of substance that you play. You maneuver them...you get to decide what they do."

Much depends, also, on the company in which the game is played. "Part of the fun of it is watching the actual antics of your entire party. In the company of the Columbia Games Club people, it really becomes a hilarious activity."

Finally, the variety and flexibility of the game makes it "a type of game you can't really get bored with." As one player put it, "I like it because you don't run out of it."

Most people learn how to play "Dungeons & Dragons" from friends who already know about it, for "D&D" fans are always eager to recruit new talent; ask to watch a game and you will more than likely end up a minute later with dice in your hand, rolling up a character.

The rules for "Dungeons & Dragons" originally consisted of three booklets: "Men and Magic," "Monsters and Treasure," and "The Underworld and Wilderness Adventures." As the game became more widespread, it also grew. More details were added, rules were modified and expanded, and further booklets were issued to cover the expansions. Recently, the bewildering mass of information was reissued in more convenient form: there is a beginners' book which allows players to learn the basic game, and three advanced books: *Players' Handbook, Monster Manual,* and *Dungeon Master's Handbook* (which had not appeared as of this writing but which is expected in the near future). These contain the information needed for more complex levels of play. The books

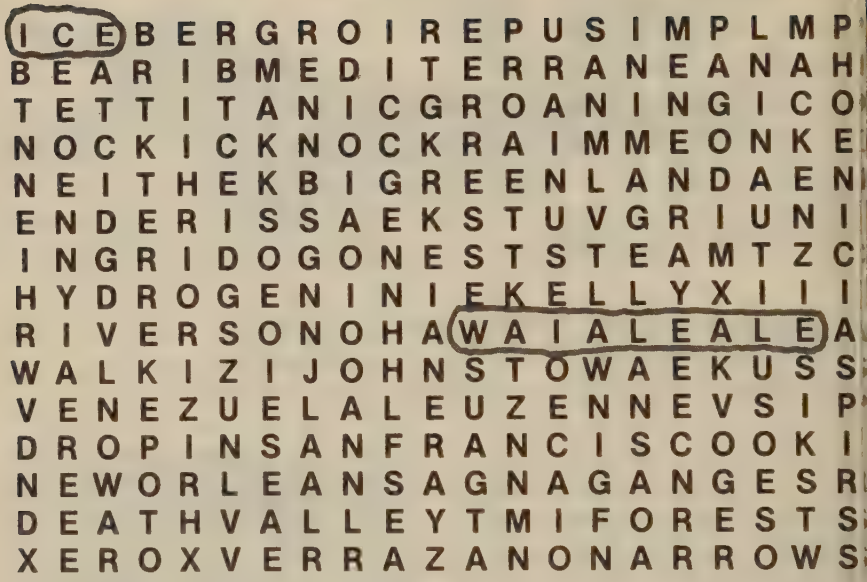
**To those who play, "D&D" offers the thrill of risking your life, the challenge of survival and the satisfaction of exploring the unknown.**

re becoming increasingly available in hobby shops, though ney can be ordered directly rom the publishers. The polyedral dice, too, can be found here. It is also possible to buy a oxed set, which includes the eginning book, the dice, dungeon geomorphs (ready-drawn ooms and passages which can e arranged and combined as ou please), monster and treaure assortments, and character ecord sheets. Co-originator Gary Gygax says the game curently is selling at the rate of ,000 per month.

To find out more about "Dungeons & Dragons," write to TSR Hobbies, Inc., P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147. Be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply. Happy adventuring, and may your favorite character never get swallowed by a Purple Worm! □

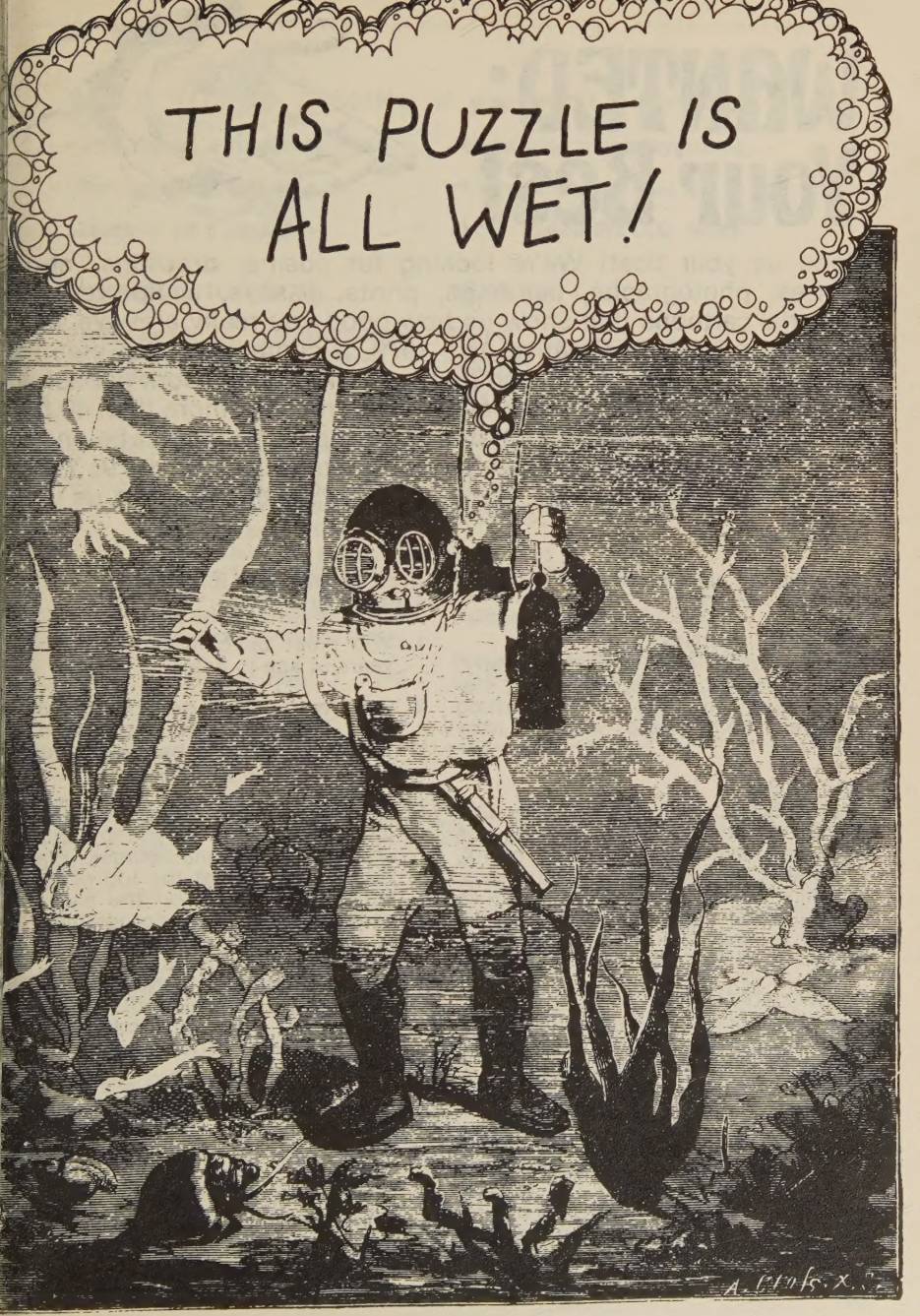
I. George Bilyk

This player examines the tiny figurines used as playing pieces by this "D&D" group.

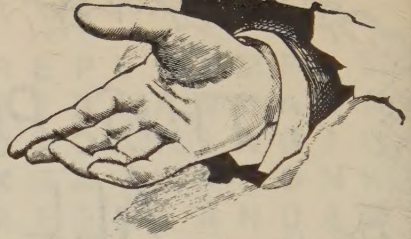



Water is the subject. Can you find the hidden words, names, places or people referring to water found in this puzzle? The answers can be found by reading horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, forward and backward, up and down. Answers on page 63.

1. Water frozen solid.
2. This Viking crossed the Atlantic to "Vinland," making first landfall on North America.
3. World's largest island.
4. Swim suit named for a South Sea atoll.
5. Remnants of his crew were first to sail around the world.
6. His dance sequence to "Singing in the Rain" is a film classic.
7. Water in vapor form.
8. World's first seafarers came from what country?
9. The longest river in Canada.
10. Sinking of this battleship in Havana harbor became rallying cry.
11. Water condensed from atmospheric vapor, falling to earth in drops.
12. British liner which hit iceberg in North Atlantic and 1517 people died.
13. Women's gold medal swimmer in five Olympic events in 1976.
14. World's highest waterfalls are in what country?
15. Water is composed of two atoms of ____ and one of oxygen.
16. North America's largest lake.
17. First U.S. naval hero.
18. Rainiest spot in U.S.
19. Bridge with longest suspension span in North America.
20. Northern India's main trade and travel artery and holy water for Hindus.
21. First atomic-powered submarine launched in 1954.
22. Hottest, driest place in U.S. was covered by a lake about 20,000 years ago.
23. Besides New York City, what North American port handles most tonnage?
24. City claiming longest underwater vehicular tunnel in North America?
25. World's largest sea.


THIS PUZZLE IS
ALL WET!

# WANTED: Your Best



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PHOTOGRAPHY
Your photographs should be black and white, and mailed in an envelope no smaller than 4" x 5". You do not have to do your own developing and printing to enter this category.

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This could include a mobile, paper folding, wood carving or any type of sculpture. Send us photographs of your work which best depict all the dimensions of the work.

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4. Submit writing entries on 8½" x 11" sheets of paper. Creative writing entries cannot be returned! All other entries (art work and photographs) will be returned after the contest is over.
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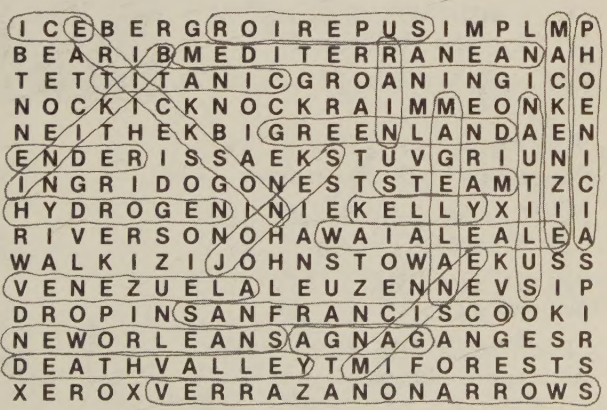


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